THE

SCOTS FIGGARIES

OR,

A Knot of Knaves.

A Comedy.

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LONDON,

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24 Jan Spencer

The
the
Bear
Acc
Crow
ger, i
Pard

To the Choice band of Approved Gallantry,
ROBERT DORMER Esq;

Sir,

THis Vessell, with her small Fraight (not despairing of other Harbour) moves to put in to the Haven of your favour; The Greatest Tempest she rides under, is the Owners feares, which one benigne Beame from you Calmes and Disperses: Acceptance Dignifies the Adventure, and Crowns his Endeavours; who, yet a stranger, is Ambitious to be Endennized (with Pardon and Permission)

Your Servant,

Jo: Tatham.

The Persons.

Smallfaith, A declining Magistrate.
Do-much, } Magistrates continued.
Surehold, }
Folly, The Court-Foole.
Iocky, } two Scotch-Beggers.
Billy. }
Scarcefoole, a Scot Souldier.
Resolution, an English Souldier.
Worn-out, a Courtier.
Downfall, a Lawyer.
Seamegull'd, a Citizen.
Lay me downe, his Wife.
Mrs *Smallfaith*.
Anything, a Parson.
A Seminary.
Trapheire, }
Pinckearcase, } Blades of the Times.
Townshift, }
Drawforth.
Witwud, } two Bubbles.
Wantwit, }
A Crue of Country People.
Vintner, *Drawer*, *Souldiers*, *Servitors*.
A Publique Notary.

The

The Scotch Figgaries.

ACT. I.

Enter Jocky *with his Wallet.*

Jocky.

Sirs! thes eyr has a mickle geod ſavour, I ha creept thus firr intoith' Kingdom, like an Erivigg intoll a mons lug, and ſall as herdly be gat oout. Ile ſa ſeff here as a Sperrow under a Penthoowle. Let the Sheriff o *Cumberlond* gee hang himſell ins own gartropts, Iſe ferr enough off him, ans fellow Officer th hangman noow. I a Scot Theff may paſs for a trow Mon here; Aw the empty Wems and thin hide I full oft bore in *Scotlond*, an the geod fare I get here! Be me ſaw Iſe twa yards gron about ſin I cam fro *Scotlond*, the Deele ſplit me gif I cam at thee mere *Scotlond*. Iſe eene noow ny the bonny Court, wur meny a Scot lad is gron fro a Maggot ta a bran Goole; marry Iſe in geod pleight. Weele, *Scotlond*, weele, tow gaffſt me a mouth, but *Anglond* mon find me met; 'tis a geod ſoile geod feith, and gif aw my Contremon wod plant here, th'od thrive better thon in thair non. [*Enter Billy.*

In the foule Deels name wha's yon? a ſad be me Contremon by's ſcratin an ſcrubbin; A leokes like *Scotlond* it ſell, bar and naked; A carries noought but tha walth o Can aboot him, filth an Virmin.

Billy. Aw *Scotlond Scotlond*, wa worth tha tim I came oout o thee; Iſe like tha wandering Jew ha worn my hoofes ſa thin as pa-

per, and can get ne thod for um; *Anglond* has geod sooft grond, bet tha peple ha mickle hard harts; Aw *Billy*, *Billy*, th'adst better ha tane tha stripe for stelling in *Scotlond* (bet thot 'tis sin ta rob the spettle) an ha thriv'd by't, than ta come ta be hangd here, or sterv'd; tis keen Justace a mon sud dee sick a deeth for macking use o his hands, I ha ne oder mamber woorth ought.

Iocky On's mon what gar thee in these pickle? how camst hither?

Billy. Een on me ten toes sir, and thay err worn oont now, thay'l set me ne longer.

Ioc. Wha tha Deele sall mend u'm? sham saw thee, a Scot an cannot shift.

Bil. A lack sir, a mon mo not stell here for's neck, and Ise mickle sham ta beg.

Ioc. How mon not bag! Ons th'art nen a me Contremon than.

Bil. Ey marry that am I, geod feith Ise a Scot, an boorn at *Andra keddin*.

Ioc. I thoought sa be thy iddle leife, what gar thee cam hither?

Bil. A lack mon I sud a bein whopt aboot tha Toown o *Barwick* for theiffing in *Scotlond*, bet brock gale and scapt it.

Ioc. Hadit tow tha conscience ta stell fro thy own Contre, an hast noot tha fece ta bag in an oder? fy mon fy. Ons hoow thinkst lieve? Leoke ber mon, leok her, sa tha vertu o bagging [*opens his wallet and*
A sir d'yee drop, d'yee drop at mooth sir? [*shewes him meate.*

Bil. Ey sir, sike a seight may mack a moh sown.

Ioc. Sow up your chops in tha Deeles nam, gif you cannot bag ye sal not eat sir.

Bil. Geod feith an I ha noot eat un morsell thes twa daies, cam awey mod, cam awey.

Ioc. Nee, nee, sir stey your fercnes, keep your fangs off sir, yee ma, ha tha mang.

Bil. Ne geod feith, Ise a clere skind lad.

Ioc. Bet monstrous lozy.

Bil. Dooubt not that sir, thay'l pin ta death er, for I ha noought ta fed 'um bet sken, an that's twa toough for thair teth—cam awey mon, sum cherete good Contremon.

Ioc. Weele set downe—leoke thee here mon. [*they sit down,*
thes gis tha leg o a Anglish Prest. [*to eat.*

Bil. ey yee sa mon.

Ioc.

Ioc. Reight weele they bein mad up o Cappon and whit broth, thay mack their carcaſe fat, bet their ſolls len, d'yee thenk *S. Andra* wad a feſted ſa mickle gif a cud a gat ſike met as thes? Ne, ne, by me ſaw Iſe hang than; he was ſtervd, thay fare delicieuſly; he wos loowzy, and hod no ſheſt, they bien buried aleife in fin lenin an lown fleeffes; he ſtunk abo grond, they bien twetten'd leiving an deed, abo an under grod; A me ſaw *S. Andra* had her don ſa meny marvailes gif a had ſtuft his carcaſe ſa full as thay.

Bil. Geod feith I main paſs for a ſen ten, for me carcaſe is bar an thin enough.

Ioc. Ey for ſent Theff, for he ner did mirackle — thes Torky leg cam fro Merchants Table, thes Widgins wing fro a Citzens, an thes Gooſes leg fro a Lawyers.

Bil. Bred, thay mack mere preambl 'boot thair boody then aw tha peple in Criſtendum de aboot thair ſaws, how hadſt tow tha fece ta ſpeeke at ſa meny dores mon?

Ioc. A ſir, I ſall tach yee ta bag gravely, mind ye me noow ſir, I ſtoll twa Coows fro me Contremon and gar tham agat ta *Comberlond* ta ſeele, bet tha plaggy ſharieſe gar tham tack fro me, and ſent me toll tha gale, bet I gat looſe, an ſa cam froward, and in tha Noorth I met a iddle Turnies lod, wha mad me thes Certefice, an ſat aw thoſe Jeſtece nams tol't, that tha ſhreife o *Comberlond* had den me mickle wrong, and ſa Iſe cam up toll th'King for Jeſtece.

Bil. Geod feith wad I had ſike an oder.

Ioc. Cam awey mon, heſt thee, fill thy weomb, and get thee on yon fid mon, and Iſe kep o thes, and ſa nen ſall ſcap us — hark ye me mon, you mon tell 'um you cam o geod parentage, and ha loſt aw your ſiller as you cam for *Anglond* — you mon ſpeeke a hy mon, an noot lick a Mole under gron peſt herring.

Bil. Weele, weele, Ile be avis'd be you, gif you far weele I ſall noot far amiſs. [*Enter a Courtier.*

Ioc. Gang awey mon, gang awey mon, ſeeſt tow, ſeeſt tow yon braw mon tofore thy eyne. [*Billy runs towards him.*

Bil. ——Bleſs your honor, Iſe ſpeeke a word or twa ta your honor.

Cour. My honor! ——Pox on your fawning hide, what would you have with me and be hang'd?

Bil. —Ne, ne, ſir I pray your honor wax noot wrothfull, Iſe a mon geod ranck in my own Contre, an ha kept geod beaſts.

Cour. I, for ſome bodies elſe, thou doſt not look as though thou ere wert worth one.

Bil. Ne, ne, ſir, me non proper geods geod feith; I cam wi mickle ſiller in me purſs ta *England*, weele clad.

Cour. With ſome old Curtaines that bore *S. Andrews* ſtory, or childrens blanquets ſtoll, and turn'd to Trewſies.

Bil. Ne geod feith, I ha een bien robd o' mw.

Cour. Rob thee I of what? had he a mind to be lowſie? but this is an Engine laid to draw a peece of ſilver to you, it muſt be ſo?

Bil. Your Honor ſpeekes mickle weele.

Cour.—There——there's ſome of your Countrey men at Court lives better by this trade then you. [*he gives him.*

Ioc. Un word ta your honor. [*As he goes Iockie meets him.*

Cour. Hy day, another? I'm way laid, haſt thou been rob'd too?

Ioc. Ne, ne ſir, ne, tha ſhriffe o *Comberlond* hus dun me mickle wrong ſir.

Cour. Whipt you about the Pigmarket?

Ioc. A has tacken awey me Cows ſir, an aw me geods, ſee here ſir, tha aw thos worthy Jeſteece nams ta teſtifie.

Cour. There is no begger like the Scotch-begger for tricks and impudence—Come what muſt diſcharge me from you ſir, and your bellowing?

Ioc. Geod feith ſir I wont ſiller ta gat Jeſteece.

Cour. ——Hadſt thou had Juſtice done thee, thou hadſt been hang'd long before this.

Bil. Bred, he's a fortuneteller.

Cour. There——that will ſerve to bny you Oatmeale; ſir there is no more of your Catterwalling Companions here abouts, is there?

Ioc. Ne, ne ſir, ant lick your honor.

Cour. Ne, ne, pox on your Nees and your Noſe too; I'm glad I'm rid on you. *Exit.*

Ioc. Noow ſir, ye had noot tha fece ta bag, hoow lick ye it noow ſir, what ga he toll ye.

Bil. Thes ſmaw peece o ſiller?

Ioc. A geod beginning mon, tolld a ye noot ſum o our Contre men liev'd at Court by baggin.

Bil. I ſea noow a Scot may ly by ſtorete, and bag wi permiſſion—weele to Curt ta, an ly ta feſt as tha beeſt o'um.

Iock.

Ioc. Be me ſaw an thats herd ta dee; [*Enter Adr Folly.*
ſeeſt tow, ſeeſt tow mon yon brawe fellow, wi'his gold Rop aboots neck, an's long cos lick a ſark, geod feith he's ta herd for twanty o'um.

Bil. He's tha feul, gis a noot?

Ioc. Ey, ey mon: A has feuld himſell intoll mickle fevor gif a feul himſell noot oout agen—ſea a cams aneuſt us mon, wees ſpeeke toll him ——— Bleſs your honor ſir, bleſs your honor, Iſe gled ta ſea your honour in heelth.

Folly. Be me ſaw th'art a bold fellow.

Ioc. I'm your own Contremon ſir, I ken your honor mickle weele, bleſs your worſhip.

Fol. Kenſt tow me mon

Ioc. Mickle weele an't lick your honour, I ken your honor weele enough, your honour is the Kings feul.

Fol. A mon, he kepes mere feules than I; bred, he's kepe tow ta gif tow canſt feul him; how far Scot art tow?

Ioc. Marry Iſe a mickle wey oofe noow.

Fol. Bet I wad kne whar tow wert boorn.

Ioc. Gin me Moders Weomb ſir forty years agaſt.

Fol. Ons mon ſpeeke toll me i what plece o *Scotlond* wert tow boorn.

Ioc. Geod feith gin meny ſir, I ha bien boorn fro plece to plece a me Moders back ſir, and ha ſeffered mickle ſorrow.

Fol. The tow Deele tack thy large lug, wha was thy fader?

Ioc. A mon ſir ſurely.

Fol. The black Deele a was ſur, whar liev'd a?

Ioc. A ſir, at a plece your honour kens mickle weele.

Fol. Whar mon, whar?

Fol. A ſir, A ſir what pleice caw ye that ſir whar yout honor nurſt tha tyny babe wi wull on's back ſir?

Fol. Oout tha faw Deele, oout Rog—bet wha art tow mon?

Bil. I'm een yar Contremon twa ſir, cam ta bien a Curtier ta ſir.

Fol. Ons a Curtier! a Carter, tha Hangmon, tha Deele.

Bil. Ye ha geod friends thar ſir, ye may dee mickle for us.

Fol. Dee mon! bred, he that ſall dee for thee ſall ha enough ta dee; art geod for ought? wha canſt dee for thy ſell?

Bil. Een what ye ſea ſir.

Fol. Oout this is baſe, it ſhams your Contre, mind ye me; wha o ye ſwaine ha meſt wot?

Ioc. He that can ſheft beeſt.

Fol. Reight weele.

Ioc. And that's een I, this feule had noot a fece ta bag toll I boldend hum.

Fol. Oout, oout mon, ſhame feeck?

Bil. Ne, ne, I ſall grew bold enough gif I ſall get oout by't.

Fol. Gif ye had Clad firs, what curs wad ye tacke to hiew?

Bil. Iſe cut mack tha King, bliſs his Worſhip, an't lick your honour, mickle geod Puttins an Potslooſe.

Ioc. I'd bien oth Mint, ſir, I loove ta finger ſiller.

Fol. Weele ſirs cam away wv me, for Contres ſack Iſe gat ye ſum Purveance, an ſum lodging, and tan we ſall find oout ſum woork for ye emong 'um here.

Ioc. Bleſs your honor for your benefaites. *Exeunt.*

Enter Townſhift and Trapheire.

Town. Pray collect your ſelf, I cannot do't
Without a loſs to my repute and fame,
If you have but a foot of ground unſold.
Therefore conſult your thoughts, my willingneſſe
Shall not be wanting to procure your freedome;
But I'd not have a dirty peece of Land
Bring an obſtruction to't.

Tra. Why? as I live
I have not an inch left; what ere I morgag'd
Is either ſold out-right, or forfeited,
I lye not on my Credit.

Town. How's that Man?
Have you credit then? Why that's as bad.
It is not held convenient by the Huffe,
Lords of the ſword, that any Youngſter ſhould
Be one of us 'till he 'as not only loſt
His 'ſtate, but's credit too.

Tra. Upon my life,
Deare *Townſhift*, I've not credit for a thrips;
Thou knowſt it wel enough, my roaging landres
Will not do't for the waſhing of a ſhirt.

Town. Why, have you ſhirts then?

Tra. One as I live, no more, and that ſo thin

You

You may draw't through a Needle.
Town. What Boots have you?
Tra. I cannot call theſe any, yet th'are all,
As for ſtockings, I have long agoe
Held them unneceſſary.
Town. Why this Cloake,
And the weather warm and friendly.
Tra. 'Tis too much.
The weight on't, I confeſs, 's not to be borne,
Ile eaſe me of the burthen, It ſhall ſink
In ſack when I'm made free, prethee about it.
Town. I would not for a world you ſhould have any
Remnant of your Eſtate left, 't would undo you [*Enter drawforth and*
See, here's my Brothers, *Drawforth and Pinch-carkaſe.* [*Pinch-carkaſe*
May I preſume to recommend you to'm?
Tra. You may, you may, deare *Townſhift.*
Drawf. How now *Trapheire*,
What is all gone?
Town. All he ſweares by's Twibell,
His Cloak excepted, and its time expires
Within this half houre; ſhall we make him free?
Pinck. Tapheire, you now are to begin the world,
Which you cannot doe handſomly, unleſſe
Your Land and you be ſeparated, and if
Ought ly conceal'd, 't will riſe in judgment 'gainſt you;
Therefore pray have a care, 'tis Chriſtian Counſell.
Drawf. It is not fit the leaſt peece of your old
Adulterate fortunes ſhould corrupt the new.
Your wit muſt purchaſe.
Town. Right, beſide, he'l ne'r
Have a refin'd Wit 'till he has nothing left.
Tra. The greateſt Enemy I have Gentlemen is my Cloake,
And I promiſe Ile ſee 't no more.
Pinck. Say you ſo, then to the next Tavern;
Boy—boy—a Roome. [*Enter Drawer.*
Draw. Pleaſe you to walke into a Roome Gentlemen?
Town. What call we for elſe? [*They paſs in and enter again.*
Draw. How like you this Roome Gentlemen?

Town.

Town. Indifferent; bring us Wine and Tobacco of the beſt ſirrah.
Draw. You ſhall indeed ſir.
Tra. Deare *Townſhift* thou muſt ſhew this Gentleman
The way to th' Brokers. [*Pointing at his Cloake.*
Town. Is he for ſale, or Morgage?
Tra. For ſale by all meanes, I'd not charge my memory,
I've ought left worth redeeming. [*Enter boy with wine.*
Drawſ. Bravelie reſolv'd — Is't Racie?
Draw. Right Racie ſir beleeve me.
Pinck. Trapheire to thee.
Tra. Drink apace, deare *Townſhift*, [*To his cloake.*
The ſight of the ſame Gentleman's my torture,
I prethee rid me of him.
Drawſ. Townſhift ſweare him.
Tra. I cann't with ſafe conſcience ſweare as long
As that appeares before me.
Town. How ſhall I get it out oth' houſe?
Tra. Leave thine here, and weare mine thither.
O how I hate to call it mine——away with't *Exit Townſhift.*
Pinck. Trapheire, you now muſt exerciſe your Wit
To live on others, as w'have liv'd on you;
Wit's never good till purchas'd, what though't be
With th' loſſe of fortunes Trumpery and Traſh;
Content ne'r dwels 'mong dirtie Land, who ſells it
Parts with a deale of care, and ſcurvie toile;
Men never are ingenious that are clog'd with't.
The Generous ſpirit will not be coop'd up
In that ſame Countrey Cage, a manſion houſe,
And confines of the Buttery; be free,
Thou art not worth a Groat [*Enter Townſhift.*
When this is ſpent.
Tra. How much, how much deare *Townſhift*?
Town. But thirty by my valour.
Tra. Down with't, down with't; [*The money laid on the Table.*
Ile not put up a Dodkin on't; deare *Townſhift*,
Drink, drinke away, I thirſt untill it's melted,
Your molten ſilver ſwallows beſt.
Drawſ. His Oath, his Oath.

Town.

Town. Your ſword. [*Laies his hand on the Hilts of his Sword.*

By this Hilt, and this Blade
Which at Hounſlow *was made,*
You ſweare to be true
To what ſhall enſue.

Firſt, You ſweare not to make it any ſcruple of Conſcience to cheat your Father; That you will hunt after young Heires, and when you have courſt them out of wind, you'l refreſh 'em with ſome Scrivener, Broker, or Draper; That you'l keep alwaies three ſtrings to your bow, to make it bend till it breake; That having gotten a Bubble or Byſhop, a lad of the laſt adoption, that you make him ſenſible of a Wench, though to the charge of a Surgeon, it being reaſon all trades ſhould live, and if occaſion be, winke at ſmall faults. Next be ſure to keep them continually at Game, or Drinking; Urge 'em to quarrell, and then take up the buſineſs, but not without profit to the Brotherhood; That what quarrels ſoever ariſe among our ſelves, muſt not cauſe us to fight with one another, but the Coines of the Bubble or Byſhop muſt make us friends; That you muſt not pay your Coachman but with kicks, unleſs your Bubble or Byſhop do, and then he ows you a fare; That your Bubble, or Byſhop, and you, keep but one Purſe, though two Drabs; That when you have dreined him dry, you make him free, if he ſue for it, if not let him keep Company with the Titteretues, and live upon the ſin of *Sodom*; That you'l take your chance of the day, where there is need of dipping, without grumbling.

That while you can ſtand
With ſword in your hand,
You'l not be in aw
Of the Halberteere Law;
——— *Kiſs this* ——— *Now y'are free* [*Kiſſes the Hilts.*
Of the Huffs Company.

Tra. Hey for the Brotherhood; No Wine ſtirring Boy, You Raſcall, where's your duty? abſent? hah! More wine. [*Enter Drawer.*

Drawf. You ſhall ſir by and by.

Tra. Bring a glaſſe will hold
A Pint at leaſt, I hate a thimble full;
We ſhall ne'r have conſum'd this mighty maſſe [*Pointing to*
If we ſip thus like ſparrows; *Enter Drawer.* [*the money.*
I marry, this looks like ſome Brother to you all.

Drawf. Gramercy.

Tra. Sirrah, cover the Boord with Bottles,
This is our Coronation day, the Room
Shall ſwim in Wine; be frolique Huffs, and draine
Me dry, yet I ſhall live when y'are all hang'd. [*He begins to be drunk.*

Town. How now, how now *Trapheire!*

Tra. Drink and be damn'd;
Muſt I wait on your Driveling?

Town. Drawforth to you——Charge him home.

Drawf. Trapheire, a whole bottle to thee——I'm up toth' Chin.

Tra.——So, ſo ſir,——y'are a fine fellow; Is all paid?

Town. No, all's not come in yet.

Tra. I'le ſtay no longer. [*He takes* Townſhifts *cloake up.*

Town. Pray leave my cloak behind you.

Tra. Your cloak ſir? how came it to be yours ſir? I have one ſome where.

Town. Yours is at the Brokers ſir.

Tra. Is it ſo ſir? I thank you for your information.

Drawf. There lies the vertue on't.

Tra. So ſir, I thanke you twice, for once I care not if I put my Cloak into my pocket. [*He ſnatcheth up the money.*

Town. But *Trapheire, Trapheire.*

Pinck. Who payes the houſe?

Tra. Let the houſe pay it ſelfe; dip dip and be hang'd you that have Cloaks, am I bound to fill your inſatiate Gorge eternally?

Pinck. What Aſſes were we to let the money lye ſo long, knowing his Raſcally humour, he'l not pay a peny when he's in drink——See what thou canſt work him to.

Town. Boy. [*Enter Drawer.*

Drawf. Sir——I ſhall ſir, [*They whiſper.*

Town. Trapheire, a prize *Trapheire.*

Tra. Of what? Sprats?

Town.

Town. A gudgin man, a Gudgin's come to Net;
The Maſter of the houſe deſires admittance
To play a Game at Ticktack for a Peece;
And thou know'ſt *Trapheire*——hah——[*He ſhakes his Arms.*

Tra. I know it Rogue;
And thou ſhalt play with him for all he's worth;
I'le venture on thy hand my whole Eſtate;
This my truſty Blade. Provided alwayes ſir—— [*Enter Maſter of*

Town. That you have half——'tis granted—he's here; [*the houſe.*
Thou know'ſt I have no money.

Tra. Thou ſhalt not want deare Bully, Ile not leave
My ſelfe a George. [*He gives him his money.*

Town. Spoke like thy ſelfe, come be ſo.
There ſir, pay your ſelfe.

Mr. Y'are kindly welcome Gentlemen; fetch my Quart.

Tra. Death, what's this?

Omnes. Ha,ha,ha——Only the Reckoning paid ſir.

Tra. Y'are Rogues, Shirks, and Cheats; Ile indict you.

Pinck. Buoy good ſir, imploy your tongue at *Billingſgate*;
Adieu, adieu. [*Exeunt Town. Pinck. Drawforth.*

Tra. Farwell and be hang'd.
For your part ſirrah, Ile have you up for keeping of a Bawdy houſe. *Exit.*

Mr. Do your worſt ſir, do your worſt. *Exit.*

Act II.

Enter Folly, Jockey, and Billy, very Gallant.

Fol. Y'are mickle braw ſirs, y'are mickle braw; bred, ye leoke more lick Burgemaſters noow thon hedg creepers, ken ye your ſels ſirs? ken ye your ſels ſirs?

Jo. Geod feith ſir, gif aw that ſud ken themſells, wad ken themſells, nen wad ken us; A me ſaw ſir, I'd rader ha'um truſt me thon ken me, fur gif thay ſud ken me reight, thay'd ſea me deed tofore thay'truſt me.

Fol. Y'ar mickle wise sir, ye ha rob'd a seul sur.

Ioc. We wish you weele sir, we wish you weele.

Fol. Sey ye sa sir? y'ar vary cheretable; ken ye me sirs? On's, ye are gron see loosty you'l knee ne body; wha set you up in tha Deeles nam? Wha, wha put thes gay fethers on your back? Eene I, an noow yol flee awey ta tha Deele, Harke ye me sirs, gif ye bien sa high, Ise tack ye down wi a Plague ta ye; wha had y'ar intail'd Virmine tane off ye wi a murren? wha, wha gat ye a———

Bil. Oour Faders and Moders sir.

Fol. Did thay sa sir? bred, gif thay gat ye, thay ner cud gat feod enoough for yar side Weombs; Are you provender prickt noow sirs? ha, wha am I? ha sirs, ha, wha am I?

Bil. Oour geod friend sir, bliffe you.

Fol. Tha Deele wound ye, sleight ye me? On's, Ise sa geod a mon gas aw in *Scotlond*, an ha mere filler in me purse.

Ioc. Englisn stamp sir, I beleev't.

Fol. Ye beleev't! wha tha Deele cares for your beleeff?

Ioc. Geod sir, geod sir be sober.

Fol. Bred, Ise not drunken; ha ye bien at coft wi me sirs? hah! Ise sall uncais ye sirs, an ge your Arse tha Aire agen, are ye sa hot sirs? want ye a Cooler? Bred, Ise ge ye sick a Rattle wi a Rom ore tha Riggins sall mack your Ribs reore sirs.

Ioc. Geod your Honor put up your wroth, an wees buckle oour Wots, wees yar on Contremons ye knee weele enoough.

Bil. An sud leove won oder; y'ave a geod Mester sir, an oour Contremon, wha macks sa mickle o you.

Fol. Bred, an Ise mack sa mickle o hum as I can.

Ioc. He's a geod mon sir, an you ha wot enoough.

Fol. Ken you that mon, ken you that? On's, an ye be not wud ye ma ha wot ta chep enoough; bet Ise ne body, my benefaits are noought woorth.

Ioc. Y'ar aw body sir, wees at your Commandement.

Fol. Sey ye sa sir? why, noow ye speeke; be vis'd by me, an ye sall oout wot 'um aw; mind ye me sirs, will ye be avis'd?

Ioc. Sed ye sir, wi aw oour harts.

Fol. Ise ha ye turn Doostors.

Ioc. Ise a Dooctor, a Dooctor; geod feith, wees mack braw Doostors.

Fol. Mind me mon, mind me; Thes Kingdom's mickle ſick, tha Curt o tha Cety, tha Cety o tha Curt, an tha Contre o beoth, an aw o 'um o tha Kirke, an tha Law; tha Kingdom's Livergron wi iddlnes an Raches, and noow noought can cur it bet a Scots Dooctor, ne matter for your skill.

Ioc. Geod feith ſir, wees ha skill enoough to bleede its ſiller vains Iſe warrant ye.

Fol. Ha bet confidence, lie and diſſemble hanſomly.

Bil. Wees y'ar on Contremons ſir, dooubt it noot.

Fol. Tha nam o a Scot gis enoough ta cur aw thair Malades; ge 'um peſon an thay'l tack it for a a Cordall: perſwad 'um thay a r ſick thay'l beleeff ye, and gif ye mack 'um ſick thay'l beleeff th'are in beeſt helth, bet ye mon carry ſem ſhow o hollineſs wi ye, an profeſs aw for thair geods.

Ioc. Sa we ſall ſir, an tack 'um whan we ha deon.

Fol. *Billy* ſall gaing toll th' Contre, an tow ſalt kepe behind, an bien Dooctor here, and gif tow heſt wot enoough tow canſt noot wont werk.

Ioc. Ne geod feith, I ſall mack me ſell werk enoough, for gif I can hel ne diſtampers Iſe mack enough emong 'um.

Fol. Cam awey than, cam awey. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trapheire and Boy.

Boy.——'Twas Morning ere he went to bed ſir.

Tra.—All's one; tell who 'tis, and 'twill be warrant
Enough for your awaking him; 'tis buſineſs
I come about, and of concernment too,
That cannot admit delay.

Boy. Ile venture then to call him ſir. *Exit.*

Tra. Do ſo——if this deſign
Of mine prove proſperous, *Townſhift*, it will be
Some comfort to me that I am even with thee. [*Enter Boy.*

Boy. He'l wait upon you preſently,
He's riſing. *Exit.*

Tra. A good Lad—— *Townſhift* arme thy ſelfe, for I am prepar'd
To give thee an aſſault, and dare thy Action
At Law, if Wit and Sword ſhould faile,
Deare *Townſhift*. [*Enter Townſhift.*

Town. By this light I have not ſlept

A minute; what's the news? you ſerv'd us bravely
The other night at Taverne.
Tra. On this drinking!
This perillous Drinking will deſtroy us all;
Thy pardon my dear heart, the buſines now
I come about will try thy friendſhip.
Town. How?
I hope no quarrell.
Tra. Yes, with my baſe ſtars.
Town. But what's the matter, tell me?
Tra. That's my meaning;
A ſort of Raſcally Bailiffs dog'd me hither,
And thou knowſt if I be once ta'ne I am
A ſlave perpetually.
Town. What wouldſt thou have me to do?
Wee'l ſend to *Drawforth* and the reſt.
Tra. 'T won't do,
They'l make but a diſturbance in the ſtreet,
Yet I may be ſurpriz'd for all their Valour,
And then I am undone; the hopes I have
In one I am to dine with loſt, which might
Be worth to thee and me ſome hundreds Bully.
Town. Send for him, now let him take up the buſineſs.
Tra. What, ere I'm throughly known to him; beſides,
Should he take this up twenty more would follow't,
Who knowing me ſo low now, do forbeare
To execute their rigour.
Town. What wouldſt have me do?
Tra. Harke thee, I've thought upon a fine Deceit;
Haſt any Patches in thy Chamber?
Town. Rare ones,
Of all ſorts.
Tra. One to Diſguiſe my face, with a Cloake, would
Do't to the life.
Town. Sure they are gone, Ile ſend to ſee.
Tra. Oh hang 'em Rogues, th'are ſculking at th' Lanes end,
Or ſome blind Alehouſe —— Deareſt *Townſhift* do't.
Town. Do what?

Tra.

Tra. Lend me thy Cloake, and Ile contrive a Patch
Shall cover my left eye, they may not know me.
Town. I know not what to do——I ſhould go forth
My ſelfe.
Tra. Nay prethee *Townſhift*——
Town. Will you leave
Your Sword then; you'l have no——
Tra. Prethee wouldſt have me
Paſs by 'em unprovided, put the worſt,
They ſhould deſcry me.
Town. There's no trick in't *Trapheire?*
Tra. No more tricke than you ſee; I prethee meet me in Fiſh-ſtreet at the Feathers, where wee'l dine; there thou ſhalt ſee my friend and Ile reſtore thy Cloake deare *Townſhift.* [*Enter Boy.*
Town. Well, thou ſhalt ha't—Boy fetch [*Enter Boy with Cloake.*
My Cloake and Patches — tis thine, there take it. [*Gives it him.*
Tra. Gramercy, Is't hanſome?
Town. Very well; I muſt lie down and take a Nap at twelve;
I will not faile to meet thee. *Exit.*
Tra. Sirrah Boy, be ſure you wake him.
Boy. I warrant you Sir. *Exit.*
Tra. Ha, ha, ha,
I'm ſworne to cheat my father, and 'tis fit
He that firſt made the Gin ſhould hanſell it. *Exit.*

Enter Smalfaith, Folly, and Jockey.

Smal, —Sir, you are kindly welcome, and the oftner
You viſite me, the welcommer you ſhall be;
I honour men of knowledge. Mr *Folly,*
I am oblig'd to you for his acquaintance.
Fol.—— Geod feith ſir, an he's woorth yours; I ſall play him wy any Angliſh Dooctor in the Warld.
Joc. Ne ſir, Ife can dee mere than Ile ſpeeke ſir.
Smal.——I beleeve you ſir,
By what I find of truth within my ſelfe;
I muſt confeſs, I am not altogether
So right as I would, my body tels me
I may admit of Phyſick.
Joc. Mickle weele ſir.

Smal.

Smal. I'm troubled with the Spleene, a ſtrong diſeaſe
Amongſt us Magiſtrates, which makes me feare
'Tis not for cure.

Ioc. Iſe cur it in twa minutes gif ye ha
Bien trobl'd wy it twanty yeares, an aw
Your tribe gif tha'l cam toll me.

Fol. Ne,ne,he's reight.

Smal. You'l do a wondrous cure then.

Ioc. I ſall dee't o me honor; bet that's noot aw
Your Malade, ye are noot ſoond at heart ſirs.

Smal. I know not that ſir.

Ioc. Planty an iddleneſs ha bred groſs humours in you, whilke mon be pourged awey, or elke ye dee for't; but Iſe ſall ge ye that ſirs, ſall mack ye bare an leight enough.

Smal. I thanke ye ſir; accept this, pray, and I [*He gives*
Shall further gratifie, but be ſpeedy, [*him gold.*
Good ſir, with your Preparatives.

Ioc. Iſe gang aboot it ſtret, Iſe gang aboot it ſir.

Smal. Your ſervant Gentlemen, I ſhall heare from you ſir.

Ioc. Soone, mickle ſoone ſir; *Exit.*
Leoke mon, leoke aw thay bien ſick o gis ſike fin things as thes, fiev golden lads mon, fiev mere are woorth a Leards land ſir; geod feith gif thar veines wul ran ſike droops as thes wees drain um dry——A ſimple feuls, that ken noot whan th'are weele, bet wul bien waſting thair means toll ſet thair boodies oout o frame——a feuls, feuls.

Fol. Ne matter mon gif oought can be gut wi putting um oout o fram, tha Deele try his skill to put um in agen for *Iocky.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Billy, and a Crew of Countrey People.

Bil. Kepe off ſirs—kepe off, ga me wund toll ſpeeke toll ye; Iſe cam for aw your geods, mind ye me?

Omnes. Very well, very well.

Bil. Iſe cur aw diſeaſes, aw manner of Malades, an ſall tack noought o ye for me pein bet your filler; Gif there bien er a Kirk Preſt emong ye, choak'd up wy Pluraltes o Benefaits, tha Poowder in thes pauper macks the Impoſtom breck, an tacks aw awey clere—Gif any Preſt bien vext wi tha Babyloniſh mange, thes Purgation med in me non Contre, curs hum were he ner ſa fer ſperit.

1 *Coun.* For our Doctor ſir, for our Doctor.

2 *Coun.* For our Vicar. [*He disperseth*
3 *Coun.* For our Parson. [*His papers.*
4 *Coun.* For our Curat.
5 *Coun.* For our Bishops, Prebends, and Curates.

Bil. Gif any emong ye bien troubl'd wy tha neyce o Organs in your lugs, thes poowder curs you for ever.

1 *Co.* For our Town sir.
2 *Co.* For ours too sir. [*He disperseth, &c.*
3 *Con.* And ours, and ours sir.
4 *Co.* And our whole County sir.

Bil. Gif eny emong ye bien blind wy thy seight o Lawn sleeves, thes cures and restores ye.

1 *Co.* For my Landlord sir.
2 *Co.* For mine too sir. [*He disperseth.*
3 *Co.* And mine.
4 *Co.* And mine.
5 *Co.* And mine.

Bil. Gif eny emong ye ha tha beon o a tith'd Soows babey stick in your wund pip, thes saw cur you stret, and tack aw awey.

1 *Co.* For me sir.
2 *Co.* For me two sir. [*He disperseth.*
3 *Co.* And me sir.
4 *Co.* And me sir.
5 *Co.* And me sir pray.

Bil. Gif eny among ye bien troubl'd wy heart burnings, tha Poowder in thes pauper curs ye stret.

1 *Co.* For my Neighbour sir.
2 *Co.* And mine sir.
3 *Co.* and mine too sir, I pray.
4 *Co.* And some for our whole town good sir.

Bil. Gif eny o ye bien sore wy ore mickle burdens, an weary o your Riders, thes Poowder macks ye strong ta orethraw um, or ta bar greater.

Omnes. For us all.

Bil. Gif eny o your stomacks bien oppress wy Law, thes pell sall remoove tha cause, and tack it awey. Gif eny bien hard boound, thes sall mack mickle free.

1 *Co.* For Landlord sir.

2 *Co.* For mine too ſir.
3 *Co.* And mine ſir.
4 *Co.* And mine ſir.
5 *Co.* And mine ſir.

Bil. Gif eny emong ye bien trobl'd wy a ſcurvy mooth, thes tacks aw felth awey.

1 *Co.* For my wife ſir.
2 *Co.* For mine ſir.
3 *Co.* And mine ſir.
4 *Co.* And mine ſir.
5 *Co.* And my Miſtreſſe ſir.

Bil. Gif eny bien trobl'd wy a looſnes, thes ties 'um feſt as a Rope or hawter.

1 *Co.* For my wife ſir.
2 *Co.* And mine ſir.
3 *Co.* And mine ſir.

Bil. Geod peple, noow I ha gau ye aw remedies ta your Malades, ſwa dees bence, Iſe ſall bien her or neot ta ſey whot operation thay ha had upon ye; Iſe ſur ye ſall ha remedy or non; an ſa far ye wall. *Exit Billy.*

Omnes. Farewell ſir, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trapheire, and Witwnd.

Wit. A pretty place this.

Tra. But the Company!
The Company deare Coz hither reſorts
Gives life and ſweetneſſe to't; the rareſt wits!
So rare! a man may loſe himſelf ere he
Diſcover 'em—for they are not to be— [*aſide.*
Diſcovered.—Beſides, the Women, Ladies,
Of ſuch excelling beauty, you would ſweare
They painted—and not be forſworne, as merry,
As Cupid when he wantons.

Wit. And you ſpent
Your meanes amongſt 'um?

Tra. And ſpent rarely well!
've no remorce for't. Can youſing?

Wit.

Wit. Not I Coz.
Tra. How Coz? not ſing! why then you are no Company;
We have a merry life ſo long as't laſts.
Ile lay my life you fence not neither.
Wit. Yes,
My grounds I do.
Tra. Have you the grounds of fencing? that is, to
Make the Paſſado, to retreive, comply,
Defend, make up, cloſe, and diſarme;
You know not this I warrant?
Wit. Not I truly.
Tra. I cannot think what will become of you,
When you meet Men of valour.
Wit. I pray keep me
Out of their Company, I love no quarrels;
I came to ſtudy th' Law.
Tra. At a fine time:
Y'ave bought no Books I hope.
Wit. I, but I have.
Tra. Returne them to the Bookſeller for ſhame;
A Sword will prove more uſefull: harke ye Coz,
I am reſolv'd to have you learne to fence.
Wit. I'de rather learne to ſing.
Tra. That ye ſhall too: *Enter Townſhift.*
Your money will do all things—— yonder's *Townſhift.*
How like a Rogue he looks? I will not ſhun him. [*aſide.*
And Cozen, as I was telling you—— [*Townſhift puls him by the ſleeve.*
Town. With your leave ſir.
Tra. 'Twas well askt ſir,
What's your will with me?
Town. My Cloak ſir— where's my Cloake ſir?
Tra. Even at the Brokers ſir——
Town. How—— you are a Rogue.
Tra. That's nothing ſir——your railing will not fetch it out agen.
Townſhift I love thee, thou knowſt I do.
Town. A pox upon you.
Tra. Thou knowſt the oath, I'm not to ſpare my Father.
And though we quarrell, yet we muſt not fight.

I'm punctuall to my Oath; but if thou haſt
The conſcience, I am ready. [*offers to draw.*
Town. Is he ſunk for ever.
Tra. No, it may riſe again, if you be civill.
Town. Is that your friend?
Tra. And Kinſman.
Town. Wilt thou cheat him too?
Tra. My Oath is paſt, I will not be forſworn
For a Kings Ranſom.
Town. Nay then, I'm ſatisfied.
Tra. Come, be known to him——Coz, this is my friend.
Town. Sir, I kiſſe your hand.
Wit. I thank you heartily Sir.
Tra. Fie Coz, fie, there's a complement.
Wit. He does not look as though he needed ought,
Save what thou wantſt, a Cloak.
Tra. Good wit Coz, good wit.
Town. Oh Rogue, how he claws him.
Tra. Where ſhall's dine?
Wit. I'le to the ordinany.
Tra. Where?
Wit. In *Fetter-Lane.*
Tra. To feed on Bruis, and be ſerv'd with Linnen:
As ſable as the Chimney. No, weel take
A Coach, and hence to *Fiſh-ſtreet.*
Wit. What ſhall we do there?
Tra. Eat Fiſh, the world does not afford the like.
Wit. But th' Coach is coſtly.
Tra. Pough, I'l be at that;
'Tis ſaid the Milk of Aſſes makes men fat.

Exeunt.

Act. III.

Act III.

Enter Jockey, and Miſtris Smallfaith.

Jock. FY Maſters fy, geod feith y'ar mickle oout; I ga hum noought bet convenable ſtooff.

Mrs Small. Y'are a Raſcall, a Scotch Horſeleech, a Doctor, a Dolt-head: Oh the madneſſe of the men of theſe times; if any of them be but a little out of temper, none can ſet them right but a Scotch Doctor forſooth, as though all the Engliſh ones were fooles. But ſirrah, ſirrah, it is well known my husband [*ſhe runs at him.*
was never diſtempered, till he came acquainted with ſuch a De-coy as you—Curſe on the time—— [*Weeps.*

Joc. Ged Miſtras hark ye toll me.

Mrs Small. Hang you Raſcall, my Husband was never troubled with whimſies in his head, nor never rail'd againſt his Superiours; he was ever a quiet man, and an honeſt man, and had the love of the whole Court, and ſo had I too. Many a good turn have the good Gentlemen done me, which I muſt never expect now agen, ſo violently my Husband rails againſt the Government. But if he ſuffer for't, thou ſhalt not weare a noſe to thy face; a noſe on thy face ſaid I: Nay if there be a Sign-poſt in all this Town I'l hang thee on't——
Ah poor heart. *Enter Mr Smallfaith.*
Here he comes——See what a pickle you have put him in; My fingers itch to come at thy face, that ugly [*ſhe runs at him.*
face of thine.

Joc. A me ſaw ſhee's a Deele, and wull ſpell aw my Market gif I ſer her noot lick him; thes gis o tha ſem powder, whilke gif ſha ſmell ta, wull mack her ſa lick him as may be.

Mrs Small. Sweet heart.

Mr Small. Oh, art thou there? tis well; there has bin nere
A Purſevant here yet to fetch me, has there?

Mrs Small. A Purſevant for you! for what cauſe Husband?

Mr Small. I am too honeſt, that is cauſe enough.

There is a Councell Table, Yes forsooth,
And as it is contriv'd mens ruines —— hah. [*starts.*
Who's that? who's that? is't not for me they ask?
I shall be lost quite, if I look not well
About me.

Mrs Smal. True, y'are in the way to undo
Your selfe, and me, and all your Family.
But this is thy Gin Rascall; Oh I could teare thee. [*runs at him.*

Joc. Mistras ga me whil toll speeke toll ye; thes wudnes o his, cam fro tha corruption o his hart: Aw that I ga hum was sike as thes, be me saw smeel Laddy, smeel Laddy.

Mrs Smal. I have not patience.

Joc. Ne, ne, be not wud, smeel toll it. [*she smels.*

Mrs Smal. My thinks 'tis very comfortable. [*she starts.*

Joc. Hoow doll ye geod sir?

Mr Smal. Oh Mr Doctor is't thee! art safe?
'Tis wonderfull there's nothing charg'd against thee!
There is an Office call'd the green-cloath too,
Has no man had thee there yet? [*she starts.*

Joc. Thay ken me sa weel sir——It warks brawly. [*agen.*

Mrs Smal. Harke you Husband, what is that you said but now?
I beleev't, what was't? the King is pestilent wilfull; hah! was't so?
why then, for ought I know, hee must bee beaten into better manners.

Joc. Reight weel sed geod feith.

Mrs Smal. Honest Mr Doctor, pray come in sir;
You are the welcom'st man came to my house
This fortnight — Husband, love him, has he not
A taking countenance?

Mr Smal. No body at the Gate? [*starts.*
I am possest with feares and jealousies.

Mrs Smal. And well you may be Husband, I am sure
You have had cause enough, good Man, I grieve,
I grieve to thinke on't.

Mr Smal. Mr Doctor, be advis'd;
Pray go not unprepar'd; to Night you shall
Take my house for your shelter, things worke strangely.

Mrs Smal. Sweet Mr Doctor you shall be so welcome,

It paſſes, y'are a man upright
In every thing I warrant, pray come in ſir.
Ios. Geod feith, tha caſs is awter'd.

Exeunt.

Enter a crue of Countrey People.

1 *Coun.* Bring forth your Prongs Neighbours; All men ſtand up for the truth: And he that will lie on the Sunday, is not to be truſted the week after, what ſay you Neighbours?

2 I ſay a *S*undaies lie may go as far as a work-daies, my reaſon is, it has more leaſure to travell.

3 For my part neighbours let them lie that will, I have no more to do with a lie, then a lie has to doe with me; If any lies with my wife it ſhall goe hard but ile do as much with his.

1 I, if he have one Neighbour.

3 Why, if he have none Neighbour, I muſt go without; no man will be a ſlave I think.

2 A ſlave! who has ſuch a mind let him have it ſtill: For my part Neighbours, Ile work hard, earn my bread with the ſweat of my browes, none ſhall eat away the fruit of my labour, but I will ſit down when it is done, and laugh in diſpight of all the Kaſars in the World.

4 Hold a pluck there Neighbour, 'tis ill playing with edge-tooles; that word deſpight comes not in handſomly, and may bring us all to the Pot.

3 What! have we a ſcab'd ſheep amongſt us? lets cleere our flock of him.

4 Hold Neighbour, hold, I am for you with all my heart, but give me leave to ſpeake to you; I am but a fool 'tis confeſt, but children and fooles tell truth ſometimes, you know.

Omnes. And what of that, and what of that.

4 I ſay again, 'tis dangerous medling with edge-tooles; there's ſtore of trees hereabouts, and there may be Gibbets made of them, and you know well enough what fruit Gibbets bring forth; I ſay no more, but be carefull what you doe.

Omnes. Away with him, away with him.

4 One word more Neighbours, one word more; it is not well to mock our *S*uperiours, much worſe to threaten them: for as I have heard, there was ſute at law commenced about a fart.

Omnes.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, how man, how!

4 Why, I will tell you Neighbours, be but patient, there was a fellow, Ile not tell his name, was pissing against the wall, the Mayor came by, now you know the Proverb, tell a tale to a Mare and 'twill let a fart; but here the case alters, for the fellow let the fart, and the Mayor tooke it in the nose, and caused the fellow to be carried to the Town Hall, as Prisoner.

3 The Mayor was a Horse, or a whorson Knave, what's this to us?

4 Now toth' suit.

2 'Tis worn out, weel have none on't.

4 Neighbours, lay down your Prongs, take my device;
'Tis an old Proverb, be merry and wise.

Omnes. Away with him, away with him, we will break the Cords of our slavery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iccky, and Folly, and Anything.

Fol. Thes gis tha Doctor, I toll'd ye o sir, mickle wise an holy,
My non Contrymon ta sir.

Any. Sir the Character
The Town receives of you, makes me ambitious
Of our acquaintance.

Ioc. I Complamen noot sir, Ise down reight seot;
Aw verety an honesty.

Any. The better sir;
That language is the freest from deceit,
That carries most simplicity.

Ioc. Ne, ne, Ise not ta sample neder.

Any. Pardon me;
I speake not in that sense, but have regard
Unto the Metaphor; I don't conclude,
'Cause th' Organ of the soule may be ineffected,
The soule must be imperfect; for I've known
Men rarely endu'd, that Nature has deny'd
The benefit of expression to.

Ioc. Y'ar a *Scollard* sir.

Any. And I presume you one. I have read something
Of th' Metaphysicks, though I took not on me
The function, or the practice: But no more

Of

Of that ſir; 'tis not wiſdome in a man
Unskil'd, to hold a weapon againſt a Fencer.

Ioc. Mickle weel ſed geod feith.

Any. All my Diſcourſe
Drawes to this period; that is, you'd be pleaſed
T'afford me your opinion; ſomething I aile,
But know not what, ſave this, a deprivation
Of breath, and find it prejudiciall to
My Calling.

Ioc. You ha bad lungs ſir, whilk macks ye ſhort wound.

Any. I could have told you that ſir; My defect
Proceeds from thence; but for the Remedy——
I know my failings.

Ioc. You'l ſaw ſir intoll a Comſumption very ſoon ſir, gif ye tack noought ta kepe ye fro it; Aw the dreggs o *Rome* mon be tane fro ye.

Folly. Geod feith, gif he tack yee in hand ſir, y'ar aw hole.

Ioc. Y'ar ta fat at hart ſir, Pluraletes bred bit iddlenes, an iddlenes, bad humors; yee mon kepe a ſpar diet ſir, an be brought lo wi Purgations ſir, an whan tim ſers ha ſim Comfortives ſir.

Any. Sir, I ſhall truſt my body to your Care.

Ioc. Bet Ile net truſt me ſaw to yours. [*aſide*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, Mr *Soongul'd* deſires you would come with the Doctor to him preſently.

Fol. I ſal ſwett hart, my Jo; Doctor, you mon ta Mr *Soongul'd* wi me.

Any. You are ſent for ſir, I ſee.

Ioc. Bet I ſal ha ye in mind ſir.

Any. As ſoon as may bee——farewell ſir. *Exit.*

Ioc. Fer noot ſir, fer noot.

Exeunt.

Enter Trapheire, Witwud, and Townſhift, Drawer with Wine.

Draw. This is the beſt Room Gentlemen.

Witw. It ſtinks of Tobacco, don't it Coz?

Town. How Tobacco!
Tobacco is Companion for a Prince.

Wit. I take none though.

Tra. Then you want education; fill Boy, fill. *Townſhift* to thee.

Town. Let it come. [*Enter with Pipes and Tobacco.*

Draw. Sir, ther's ſome Gentlemen in the next Room deſires your Company.

Town. What are they?

Draw. I think their names be *Drawforth* and *Pinckcarcaſe*.

Tra. Plain *Drawforth* and *Pinck-carcaſe*; well admit e'm. Shall it be ſo Coz?

Wit. I hope there'l be no quarrelling.

Tra. What if there be?

Have you not here your men of Iron by you; [*Enter Drawforth.*

Can you be better back'd and breſted ſir? [*Pinckcarcaſe, and*

Townſhift, the Rogues have got a Bubble. [*Wantwit.*

Town. The more the merrier———your ſervant, Gentlemen.

Drawf. This is our friend, and deſires your Acquaintance.

Pinck. Gentlemen, a man of worth, Ile aſſure you.

Wit. What Countreyman *I* pray ſir?

Want. An *Eſſex* man ſir, your ſervant.

Drawf. The better fleſh Ile warrant.

Want. *I* know not that ſir, *I* have never bin tri'd.

Wit. Nor never ſhall be for me.

Pinck. Drink, drink about.

Town. To thee *Drawforth*.

Drawf. A health to thy friends Miſtris.

Tra. Well done, about with't.

Wit. I thank you Gentlemen.

Trap. What! not begin another.

Wit. I've drank too hard already; this ſame glaſs and no more: Gentlemen, your Ladies health ſir.

Pinc. Why *Trapheire*, whence this gallantry?

Tra. What an idle queſtion
Is that of thee; why, who ſhould do't, but this?
He ſent his Taylor to take meaſure of
The buildings of our bodies.

Town. And th' appurtenances.
Came to us by like providence.

Drawf.

Drawf. Drink, drink about.

Tra. Coz, let me give thee o're our Wine ſome Counſell;
You are a landed man, be carefull what
Strange Company you keep; for there are Cheats,
And deſperate Cheates abroad, will make no Conſcience
To bring you into Bonds, and make you ſell
Or morgage all you have; take heed good Coz,
What Company you keep.

Wit. He that cheats me, ſhall have good luck Coz.

Pinc. When does your Taylor fit your body with
A faſhionable ſute; this beares an Antique
And worn-out date. A gentleman of your Fortunes
And walk ſo like a Cow-driver.

Want. I will have one 'gainſt Sunday.

Pinc. Some ſixe yards makes me one two, let it be ſo; hah!

Drawf. The like proportion fits me, twelve, us both.

Want. Well it ſhall be done Gentle-men—[*begins to be drunk.*

Town. Drink, drink about, your friend is gone.

Drawf. Ile ſend yours after him.

Wit. I-muſt-be-gone, 'tis late.

Tra. No ſure. What by thy watch?

Wit. The hand is upp-on on-twel-ve. [*he's drunk.*

Trap. A pretty Watch, I prethee lend it me,
To have another made by.

Wit. 'Tis-a-Watch-of Price-Coz.

Tra. I would not borrow it elſe.

Pinc. What ſtore of Chink have you?

Want. Money-enough, money enough.

Pinck. Lend me a peece or two.

Want. There-there Boy.

Drawf. The like to me ſir, come, I ſhall, I ſhall.

Want. There-ſir. Ile-be gon——

Pinck. The houſe, the houſe, to pay.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Twenty two ſhillings, and y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Drawf. Make it up five and twenty, and you two ſhall caſt Dice which payes it——are all parties agreed——I know our noble friend will not be backward. *Exit.*

Town. Nor ours; Heroick ſpirit wilt thou?

Enter Drawer with Wine.

Draw. Het's more wine Gentlemen.

Town. About with it, about with it. [*Exit Drawer.*

Drawſ. The Dice, the Dice. [*They throw.*

Tra. Come tis a good throw Coz.

Drawſ. But that's better ſir; your friend paies.

Wit. Hang him he cheated, he's a cheat.

Want. Nere go not I, Gentlemen.

Wit. You lie, you lie.

Pinc. How the lie? will you take that?

Want. How ſhall I help it pray?

Tra. Well done Coz.

Wit. ——Hang him-he's-but a Country puppy Calfe.

Pinc. Throw a Pot at's head.

Want. I ſhall-not-hit-him, if Idoe; I am-no-more Puppy, then your ſelf—— [*throwes a pot.*

Drawſ. Why, that was well done.

Wit. Ile-kick you ſirrah——I learn'd-that of-you Coz——

Pinck. Gallants expect to hear from us, and ſuddenly.

Drawſ. A Coach there.

Wit. I hope, they—wait—not for us——hah!

Tra. What if they do? we fear em not, pay, pay; Boy there's your reckoning. Call a Coach Boy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Scarefoole.

Scaref. Ha ye wark for a Scot Sawger, wha ha bien aw tha Wirld ore ons ten toes; Ser'd aw Religions, an can tha better be o eney. I ha kil'd tha Whar a Babilon, Body an Saw, brent aw her Rawlecks wi tha feer o zeale. I can carry twa feces under won hood: I can be a Sent, an I can be a Deel, gif ye ha wirk for me; I ha ſeen a powre a riches in me dees, but ha broought noought heom wi me bet St *Andras* Croſs, want an Poverty,

Enter Billy, Iocky.

Bil. A ſir! the bonny ſiller cam a pece, gif I told um a tale, they'd

thay'd ga mickle heeds; geod feith won pell ſerv'd aw malades.

Ioc. An whot pell wos thot mon?

Bil. The pell o ſedition.

Ioc. A, ken you thot mon? the ſam ſet tha Magiſtrat an's Wife intoll feares an jealouſies, turn'd tha inſid o tha Kirkmon ooutwards, an noow's aw gall, tha Ceteſon gis a bitter; tha Leyer cannot ſtond he's brought ſa weeke wy me purgations, and tha Curtier noot worth tha grond a goes on; I ha let aw his geod as weele as he's bad bleod oout.

Scar. Saw ye Gentlemen gif ye ha a mind ta bien ſawd'd, ken ye me ſirs?

Ioc. How ſud we ken thee mon?

Scar. Wha, noot *Scarefoole* your Contremon?

Bil. Whar haſt bien mon?

Scar. Aw tha wirld ore ſirs, an noow aw pleces are wary on me; Ile came ta *Anglond* toll ſeeke wirke.

Ioc. Here's wirke enoough gif ye bien wiſe ta deele wy tha Engliſh mon.

Scar. Geod feith Ile chet 'um tha wern ner ſa cheted, ſhow me toll'um, whar liew thay?

Ioc. In th' City, and Contre ta; marry, bet cam awey wy us mon, wees tack a drinck firſt, and tawke mere on't.

Bil. Cam awey *Jo*, cam awey.

Act. IV.

Enter Soonegul'd, and his Wife Laymedown.

Soon. DOwn with this Babell-builder, this Court pride,
Dagon and his Idolaters ſhall down.

Lay. I, down with 'em husband, down with 'em, they have ſtood long enough; I am ſure their long ſtanding have made you come ſhort many a time and often, but I hope now husband you'l take 'em downe a Button hole lower.

Soon. Am not I a man?

Lay. You think ſo husband, I warrant.

Soon. why, a King's no more.

Lay. Nay, is he that husband? troth I dare ſay our man *William* is as good a man as the beſt of you; for as they ſay, a man is a man and he has but a hoſe on's head.

Soon. Well, I am reſolv'd *William* ſhall forth.

Lay. Forth, how do you meane forth? I hope you will not leave me unprovided at home, you know your own buſineſs abroad, and I am certain he can do your buſineſſe at home better than your ſelf—oh husband, husband here's the Scotch Doctor. [*Enter Iocky, Folly,*

Soon. Mr Doctor, what newes Mr Doctor? [*Billy, Scarefoole.*

Ioc. Nen geod ſir, nen geod ſir, bet me frond ha had hes caſs pul'd ore his lugs.

Soon. By whom, by whom?

Fol. Wha, wha, bet tha prod Prelates ſir; Iſe tolld 'um o thair knavery, an thay gar tack awey me bravery; bet thoough thay ha tacken awey me Cot, thay ſall ner tack awey me conſcience, that's holl anſound, an ned nen o thair patchings o thair preachments.

Lay. O wicked, wicked children of darkneſſe!

Ioc. Her's a frond o min ſir, a mon a meight an mettell, wha ha endured meny a brunt and ſtorme, he ſall ſtond betwixt ye in aw harme.

Soon. I ſhall be glad of your acquaintance ſir.

Lay. True, truely ſir, you have a face like a man, you'l doe the buſineſſe I warrant, let you alone, but gently to the women ſir, for we are twigs, and may be bow'd, which way you lift; meere tender twigs ſir.

Scar. Bred, bet ſam o ye bien toough enoough.

Lay. We are a long time indeed a bringing up, but then we are ſoone caſt down; Women have tender hearts, and tender fleſh, and tender conſciences, though naughty men report that we have none; Husband ſhall they walk into th'Parlor; I do love to enter into Dialogue with theſe Gentlemen, they talk ſo prettily.

Soon. I, with all my heart.

Lay. You will meet with ſir fine plunder 'mong the Ladies; you ſhall dine with us too—you may make me amends with a Court ſmock; I look to weare one in truth, they are ſo fine and ſo perfum'd, it paſſes.

Soon.

Soon. Come ſir, wee'l diſcourſe of our affaires
After w'have din'd——you'l dine with us too Gentelemen?
Ioc. Wees tack ye ot yar word. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anything, and Boyes following him.

Any. Nay, you may do't ſirs, you may do't, you have warrant for't; 'tis well enough known, the Pompe of the Prelates, the Whore of *Babylon* her ſelf in her feathers, the Kings of the earth commit fornication with her, Pluralities of Benefices makes men but idle, ſaies Mr Doctor, and idleneſſe makes you fat, and fat makes you purſy, and ſo by conſequence ſhort winded; It is a trick of *Rome* to ſtarve our Religion; Let *Iezabel* be brought before the Elders, and the Whore of *Babylon* to the Whipping-poſt, let her have laſh upon laſh; Let her ſmock be given to the Rag-men, it may come to be paper, and her condemnation writ in't; let the Whelpes and the Cubs be brought to the Stake, baite 'um, baite 'um, baite 'um, I am your warrant ſaith Mr Doctor.

Boyes. Maſter Doctor's an Aſs.

Any. Children you talk not like men, you are but midling Chriſtians, 'tis well known to the Pariſh.

Boyes. That Bedlam's fit for you.

Any. Thoſe that will follow me, let 'um follow me,
I am now for the truth,
And the Covenant in ſooth. *Exeunt.*

Boyes. Hi, hi, hi, Stow the Frier, ſtow the Frier. [*They ſing.*
Exeunt after him.

Enter Downfall and Worn-out.

Down. You ſee what he has brought me to, my Crutches;
I was ere held an able man you know;
Had my tongue at command, and my head too,
But now they both are ſo enfeebled I
Have ſcarce the uſe of either; if I had
It were all one, the Countrey people are
Bewitcht into beliefe, they have as much
Reaſon and Law as I, and will become
Their own ſollicitors, & Councell too.

I cannot laſt long, but expext ſtill when
My Crutches will decive me, and I fall
To th'ground for ever.

Worn.——I am brought to nothing
Aſwell as you, I little thought a Scotchman
Could ere have dreind my veins,& purſe ſo dry,
I am not worth the ground I go on; ſo
Dejected are my thoughts; my ſpirit loſt,
And all the hopes of my recovery
Extinct and buried.

Down. I ſhould not have known you,
Had you not told me who you were; you are
So changed from your ſelf. O thoſe were times,
Worthy to call to mind,(though to our griefe)
When you and I, like Twins, deriv'd a being
From one anothers ſuſtenance, the Monopolies
That you projected, and I perfected!
Like two expert Limners, the one imploy'd
To faſhion th'face, the other to finiſh it.

Wor.—I, thoſe were times indeed, but all I got
Then, has been ſince conſumed; and I gueſſe
You are not much the better; I am weary
I proteſt of my life, and would thank him
Would do me ſo much good as take it from me.

Down.—Patience is the beſt remedy where no
Better can be obtain'd; 'tis vain to crave
The thing we want when 'tis not to be had;
Your dancing daies are done, and all the breath
The Scot has left me ſcarce will heat my fingers.

Worn.—And my affliction does the more increaſe
To ſee my friends diſabl'd, as I am,
From helping one another, 'tis a griefe
That's inexpreſſible, and not for cure.

Down.——What Fortune ſowres, content muſt ſweeten, he
Is the beſt man o'rcomes his miſery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Smallfaith and his Wife.

Smal.——For my part, I am but a man, and I owe but a death,

let

let them take it, as they say they will, give 'um good on't, let them come, let them come—where are they? stand, stand, stand.

Wife. Husband now you talke of standing, pray let me lye downe, and then let 'em do their worst, I defie 'em.

Smal.—And so do I, weell to the Terret, Woman, and there we are secur'd 'gainst Devill, and Pursevant.

Wife. I'm weary'd off my legs with doing nothing but running up and down in e'ry Nooke and Corner like a Rat for feare of catching.

Smal.—They are comming, they are comming; let me come in woman, let me come in.

Wife. I would you would come in Husband once, you have been out long enough to small purpose I'm sure. *Exeunt.*

Enter Surehold, Resolution.

Res. Beleeve it, their Design aimes at our ruine;
And though the Cord they make be somewhat finer
Than Ordinary, 'Twill choak us at the last:
I hold a naked freedome better far
Than an adorned Prison; golden fetters
And Iron ones produce a like effect,
What differs them's but curiosity.

Sure. Into what a Lethargy has these rabble Scots
Betray'd the peoples senses? tell them on't
And they'l abuse you for't. Nay though they see
Distraction brought unto their very doores,
They'l look on't, and not know it till they feele it,
And then will tamely kiss the rod that whipt 'em.
A Nation proud and Arrogant as the Begger,
That when h'as got a Bonnet 'bove his wearing,
Will scarce bow to the Giver. All the service
They ever did this Nation was to help
The people eat their victuals, and share their fortunes.

Res. They are good for nought, but to eat, louze, and sleep,
And stinck a street up. Tell you stories of
Don Iohn of *Austria*, the Magull great Cham,
Their valour at *Madril*, *Levant*, or where

You will, and this in ſome blind Chimney Corner
In fume and ſmoake, rouz'd up with lanted Ale,
'Till that their faces do reſemble th' Towns
They ſet on fire; and yet dare not encounter
A Rat or weeſell.
Sure.——Yet the world reports
Them, men for ſiege the beſt, and can endure
The greateſt hardſhip.
Reſo. Very true, if they
May but lye ſtill they'l feed on one another;
Rather than venture on their Enemy
To get the leaſt Proviſion, and indeed
The worſt will ſerve their turne, for they are men
Loves any thing but beating, yet they'l take
That too if need be; take 'em down a little,
And you may fillip dead a ſcore of them.
It is a ſhame the Engliſh ſhould become
Such Mules to ſuch baſe burdens; I am reſolv'd
To turne the Chance o'th Dy that favours them,
Though to the hazard of my being.
Sure.——'I will
Be tane a peece of ſervice fit for Chronicle,
And you ſhall want no furtherance.
Reſo. If I bring not
The Souldier, Doctors, and their Crue of Cheaters
As tamely to be hang'd as puppy Dogs,
Let me receive no credit from you after. *Exeunt.*

Enter Soonegul'd, and a Seminary Prieſt going to weigh the Covenant with the Popes Bull.

Soon. Sir, though I hate your Bulls and your Decoyes,
And know you have two ends to all your waies;
I feare you not, for Truth will ſhew her ſelf
In ſpight of all the clouds you caſt upon her.
Sem. You are in th' right. Truth will appeare, and that
To th' ſhame of your trim'd Covenant; for though
She be but plaine, ſhe is more glorious

Then

Than all the gloſs and Colours that ſets forth
That new deviſe, created to deceive
Poore ſimple people, and at laſt your ſelves.
Soon. Theſe are but bandying, Ile purſue my wager.
Sem. Ile venture ten pound more y'are loſt in weight.
Soon. You'l loſe your ſelf ſir with your confidence.
Sem. Bar treachery and I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Trapheire, Witwud, and Townſhift.

Wit. I cannot endure this fighting Coz, a Dad.
Tra. Pox take your Dad; is that an Oath for a Gentleman?
A Lad at ten ſweares more profoundly; you'l
Be quarrelling, and then you dare not fight;
As though I were a wall of ſteele or Braſs,
To ſtand betwixt you, and receive the Darts
Caſt at you; Sir, why did your Cowſhip ſend
An Anſwer to your Challenge, if you found
Your bloud ſo coole and Phlegmatick?
Wit. 'Twas your doing,—I had not had the heart elſe. [*aſide.*
Town. For preſervation of your honour ſir
Could you do leſſe then Anſwer him?
Wit. What was he
That brought the Challange?
Town. Pinckcarcaſe by name.
Wit. A devliſh name, and full of devilliſh end;
This fighting is not lawfull; prethee Coz
Take up the matter, I have little maw to't.
Town. What, now the Hoſtage Reputation
Is paſt, will you Recant, Reneage, Revoke,
Recoile, Revert? ſtand to your Principles.
Wit. I ſhall not ſtand an inch of ground beleeve me.
Tra. 'Tis pitty th'art worth any; let me ſee,
How ſhall we do't with Honour?
Wit. 'Tis no matter
For that thing Honour; let her walke alone,
I don't deſire her company on ſuch tearms,
Sweet Coz, ſweet Coz.

Tra. Let me ſee ——— I'm reſelv'd.
That you ſhall fight him.
Wit. Coz, I had forgot
I ſweare, a ſtrange infirmity, that is
I zound when as I heare a Gun ſhot off,
And tremble at a Piſtols, all my ſenſes
Become as uſeleſſe.
Town. Why, 't was your own motion.
Wit. No matter, 'tis but ſo much charges loſt,
I will not fight with Bullets, I've more conſcience.
Tra. Why, then you muſt prepare a Caſe of Rapiers,
For *Townſhift* and my ſelf, ours are grown dull
With often uſage.
Wit. Oh, the better Coz!
They'l do leſs miſchief.
Tra. Then your Fencing Maſter
Muſt make you at your Chamber fit for th' field.
Wit. That's paſt his skill I'm ſure; more charges Coz.
Tra. It cannot be avoided, if you mean
To fight on foot, and put off your Horſe combate.
Wit. In my mind 'tis horſ-play to fight on foot;
But hark you Coz, don't you make winking at
That Weapon ye call ſharp, I'm not ſo ſet.
Tra. Fye, winking, No, how will you ſee to hit him?
Wit. No matter ſo he hit not me; but mayn't I
Bar Points being the Challenged?
Tra. That's baſe, and Player-like.
Wit. I'de rather play ſo, than work other wiſe.
Town. Come, come, reſolve, you know the time draws neer.
Wit. I would it did not, I love not to think on't;
Can we throw nothing in Times-way to make
Him ſtumble and ſtop a little.
Tra. Reſolve upon your weapon ere he be
Furniſh'd with horſe and Piſtols.
Town. Ile lay my life he's that already, then
T'will be unworthy in you to ———
Wit. Good ſir, talke not to me of Worthies, my Father was none of the Nine; he ne'r kept Company with your Huffs, nor Poſts; he could

could drinke in a Tavern and ne're quarrell about the Reckoning; he liv'd without knocks, and dy'd in the love of his Parish.

Tra. But he has left a quarrelsome son behind
Must pay for all.

Wit. I sha'n't stand much upon
That point, so I may be discharged from beatings;
Methinks a skin set out with Eylet holes
Appeares not handsome, nor a face to be
Painted with black & blew, I hate those colours.

Town. What will you give him shall take up the businesse without loss to your honour?

Wit. A man cannot lose
That which he never had; My Father was
A man of Bags, and might have been a Knight.
When Kinghthoods went a begging.

Town. But to the matter,
What say you to my proposition?

Wit. Troth,
It sounds well, let me know what in Conscience
You will demand?

Town. But twenty peeces.

Wit. So;
To save a man from beating, very good!
How many such d'ye meet with in the yeare?

Town. Hundreds, hundreds sir.

Tra. Men must live Coz, men must live.

Wit. Any where but on me (good Coz;) but sir,
Before my Coz here, Ile give you ten.

Tra. Ten is too little in all conscience Coz.

Town. Consider sir the danger.

Wit. And the Charge
Already I've been for horse and Pistols;
But those I hope you will return me, when
The peace is made.

Tra. Not one, expect not one,
Th'are forfeit Goods to us Lords of the Soile.

Town. 'Tis true, y'ave been at charges, and for that
Reason Ile undertake it at your rate.

Forbid, but I ſhould beare a Conſcience too.
Meets us at th' Mairmaid.
Tra. At the houre of twelve.
Town. The preciſe time.
Tra. Cozen, he will deſerve it.
Wit. Would I had his Art
To live by when I and my fortunes part. *Exeunt.*

Enter Wantwit, Drawforth, Pinckearcaſe.

Pinc. He is the Challenged, and juſtly may
Deſigne the way of fighting, and the place;
But though you have provided us with horſes,
Swords, Piſtols, and ſo forth, yet there's a thing
Cal'd money, we do want, put caſe he ſhould
Fall by your hand, in what a caſe were we?
Drawf. Suppoſe that you ſhould fall;
——I, there's the Danger.
Drawf. We muſt fly for't, and that we canno do
Conveniently, without a ſum, the Oratory
Of Silver makes our paſſage free and ſafe,
The want of it detaines us; open, open
Your cloſe-mouth'd bags, and let them ſpeake to us.
Want. Troth Gentlemen, Ile tell you, and I lie not,
Th'ave got a hoarſneſſe ſince they came to Town,
And ſpeak ſo low, a man can hardly heare 'em.
Pinc. One Mortgage ſir will raiſe their voice againe.
Want. Well, well, he might have ta'ne another way
To worke; had I been he, and he been me,
I would have askt him Mercy.
Drawf. But you ſee
He is a man of ſpirit, ſpirit, ſir!
Want. I would he had no more then I, a gnat
Were too much for him; I have heard my Mother
Protelt, and ſolemnly, I had a heart
No bigger than a hazell Nut.
Pinc. —Why, ſaw ſhe't?
Want. No, but ſhe felt it; 'tis an imperfection.

In

In Nature I can't help, an 'tis as cold
I warrant as a Cucumber.
Drawf. And riseth
So little in your stomack!
Want. Troth as little
As may be sir; how shall I heat it Gentlemen?
Drawf. Drink wine and Drab.
Want. Why, so I do you know;
Yet when the flame of drinking's o'r, I fall
Into the Noose of Taverns like a Pigeon.
Pinc. Only then y'ad best fight when y'are drunke.
Want. And so
Be hang'd when I am sober; no, I beare
Too great a Conscience.
Drawf. If it be a burthen
Too hard to beare, wee'l teach you how to throw
It off, and live as we do without any.
Wife. Take up this quarrell Gentlemen, and have
My heart for ever.
Pinc. What to do, to throw
The hounds ye starve? yet that so little, 'twill
Not be a mouthfull; 'tis your money we
Value the most, let your heart go as't came.
Want. Why, I shall mortgage next week.
Pinc. Are you serious?
May we give credit to you?
Want. I've occasion.
Drawf. Thou shalt have more rather than want; my Bully,
We are thy Guardians, who assaults our ward
Suffers, unlesse he be on a sure Guard. *Exeunt.*

Act. V.

ACT. V.

Enter Iocky, and Billy.

Billy. BRed, thos Angliſh ar Deeles, w'are aw loſt men; Aw oour knavery is oout, nen will tack our parts; Tha Cetesons hong thare heds doown lick bull ruſhes, an won noot bien ſen for us.

Iock. Hoow cam tha in tha Deeles nam ſa aw o won mind? Iſe ſur Iſe ded whot Iſe cud toll mack 'um het on oder ta deeth; tha Deele feere 'um, thar lick Serpants that gif ye ſmit 'm alunder will joyne agen.

Enter Scarefoole with his Sword drawne.

Scar. W'are aw loſt, ſheft, ſheft, tha Deeles a comming toll tare tha Covnant ſha yeer heeles, ſha yeere heeles, ſpang awey ſirs, ſpang awey. *Exit running.*

Ioc. On's gif tha men o War flee, whar ſall we hid our ſells—— Aw ſir, ſir. *Enter Reſolution with 2 or 3.*

Reſo. Take them into your Cuſtody, they are Your lawfull prize. *Exit.*

Bil. A ſirs, a ſirs, geod feith wees ment ne bad.

1 *Soul.* What Mr Doctors! have we found ye? who can cure the Citizen of his head ach but the Scotch Doctors? who their wives of the Tooth-ach but the Scotch Doctors? the Scotch Doctor is all in all, the Kirk will take no Phyſick but of the Scotch Doctors; the Country will be cheated by none but by the Scotch Doctor; the Court and Gentry will be begger'd by none but the beggerly Scotch Doctors; come away and be hang'd, *Exeunt.*

Ioc. Bil. Mercy ſirs, Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

Enter Scarefoole running with his Sword drawn.

Scar. Hawd, hawd, hawd ſir. [*he trembles.*

Reſo.

Resol. Nay, I don't intend
To take th' advantage of you as I may,
I owe a greater honour to true valour;
I have heard Nobly of your Countrymen,
And therefore to assure my selfe Report
Lies not, I have expos'd my Person to
This single hazard. [*he trembles.*

Scar. A sir, I dee leove you.

Resol. And I shall love you too, if that I find
You prove as Gallant as y'ave spoke your selfe:
Consider what dependances are on you,
Whom y'ave involv'd by your large promises
To this Engagement; let them see you date
Do something for their money.

Scar. Be me saw sir,
Y'ar a mickle Gallant mon, Ise thra me swerd an hert at your non feet sir.

Resol. That's base, not Souldier-like; submissiveness
In this Case speakes you Coward, and if so,
My breath hath been ill spent; what, will you fight?

Scar. Noot a neust ye sir, geod feith I leove a Anglish mon wi aw my hert. A sir, A sir, send aw reight, send aw reight——her tack me weppon, Ise your non Prisoner sir geod feith. [*He offers his sword.*

Resol. Since thou art so base, [*kicks him.*
And not fit for a Noble Treaty, take
This, this, and this. [*kicks him.*

Scar. A geud sir, use me like a Gentlemon.

Resol. A Gentleman, a Swineheard, hang ye, go, *Exeunt.*
The Bubble's broke, the wind gave Being to.

Within.

Y'are welcome Gentlemen, shew a Roome there Boy.

Enter Trapheire, Witwud, Townshift, and Drawer.

Tra. Sirrah, there will some Gentlemen aske for us, Direct 'em hither.

Draw. I shall sir; what's your wine?

Town. Sack, Boy, the quickning sack; and such Tobacco

As may inſpire a ſpirit into clay,
Quick, and as ſharpe as lightning.
Wit. Oh good ſir,
I can't endure to think upon a ſtorme;
Talke not of lightning, it does bode ſome quarrelling;
The calmeſt language is the beſt, when there's
A peace intended. [*Enter Drawſ. Pinc. Want. and*
Tra. Here they come; now Coz [*Drawer with wine.*
For your honour ſeeme ſomewhat averſe
To an agreement; carry your ſelf ſtoutly,
With an unalter'd Countenance.
Wit. 'Tis not in
The power of humane frailty.
Tra. —Gallants, welcome;
Y'are men I ſee for credit.
Want. What muſt I ſay?
Drawſ. Carrie your ſelfe manly.
Want. What would I give now for an Inch of manhood;
How he does eye me; would I had a look [*Drawſ. Tra. Town.*
But halfe ſo piercing, I'de encounter then [*and Pinc whiſper.*
With Baſilisks; It carries daggers in't
Will penetrate a Coat of Male; there is [*Wit. and Want. ſtare*
No ſafety but in diſtance. [*at one another.*
Wit. How he looks at me!
With ſuch a hungry countenance, as though
He meant to ſatisfie himſelf upon me;
But if he knew but what a peece of fleſh
He had to deale with, he'd not be ſo greedy;
I was not cut out for a Royſter; ſure
Nature ne'r meant me for the field, unleſs
To call my Cattle home, or try my hounds.
I am ſo great an enemy to a ſword
I weare none when I ride; Oh how yon fellow
Would ſpurne me, lik a Muſhrome, could he get
Me but alone; but he ſhall be hang'd firſt.
Tra. What, all this while and ſpeake not to each other?
Why you have hearts of Oake: Not bow, deare Coz!
Wit. I cannot help it,

Town.

Town. Come, we muſt have you friends.
Want. With all my heart ſir.
Wit. How's this? the man's bewitch'd;
See what the Gold can do!
Want. If you pleaſe ſir, I am your humble ſervant.
Tra. And what ſay you Coz?
Wit. Hum, I ſmel't, 'tis ſo.
The fellow is a Coward on my life.
Are they not all ſo? 'tis a bleſſing then.
Drawſ. Come ſir, our friend is willing to paſſe by
All the Affronts you gave him, if you'l wave
His Challenge.
Wit. Ile wave nothing but my Sword
Againſt my enemy.
Town. Shall we be friends?
Wit. A friendly blood runs not yet currant in me;
Be challenged by a dunghill Cock? I ſcorne it.
Tra. Why, this is rare! Coz, Ile ſpit in thy mouth.
Pine. Sir, 'tis your friends deſire as well as ours,
To prevent bloudſhed.
Wit. —Let ſuch things as you,
That dare not waſt their blood be ſparing on't;
For my part, Ile not value if he Tap
From me a Pailefull.
Tra. Who the Devill Conjur'd
Up ſuch a ſpirit in him?
Pine. Your friends grown——
Take him down, or by this light
Ile kick him.
Tra. Pough, let me alone for that.
Want. The Gentleman grows angry, Ile be gone. [*to Drawſerth.*
Drawſ. Hang him, a Coward, a meere Coward friend.
Want. How, a Coward! he ſpeaks not like one;
I would his hands were ty'd behind him, I
Would make a triall on't; but he has teeth
Strong as the tuſks of Boares, and legs more ſtiffe
And big than any Bedſpoſt, I ſhould do
No good upon him.
Tra. Come Coz, throw

Your Ranting habit off, the Scene of War
Is past, and now put on your Robe of Amity,
The Bride-garment of Peace.
Wit. — Peace! who shall peace?
'Tis sawcines to tell me so.
Tra. How's this!
You worme! 'slight, if I lay my hands
Upon you once, Ile teare you into nothing,
You Cowardly simple Puppy, Sirrah, Ile — [*He takes him by*
Wit. Not so loud good Coz; [*the shoulder.*
You know I have but follow'd your directions.
Tra. Be hang'd, and overdone it, ha'n't you sirrah?
The Gentlemen shall know you have not spirit
To look a Cat i'th' face, if that you be n't
More sociable.
Wit. — Good Cozen, Ile do any thing.
Tra. Well, I have brought him to't with much ado; [*Takes Want.*
Here, shake hands, sir, you must be friends. [*by the hand and*
Wit. Well, if I must, I must, patience is a vertue, [*brings him to*
And Ile embrace it ——I am your friend sir. [*Witwud.*
Want. I shall never be your foe sir, now
Wit. So said, and so done sir, will do well.
Tra. The Rascall acts it handsomely.
Pinc. To your credit:
Ours is the silliest Rogue,
Drawf. Boy, more wine; [*Enter Drawer.*
Would we had Musick here to celebrate
This Nuptiall.
Draw. I will send for some.
Tra. Do so; come, here's to the Married Couple.
Wit. I do beleeve we both can't get a Boy [*Enter Fidlers.*
Will prove a Souldier.
Pinc. Ah sirrah, are you there?
Fid. I am your own man sir.
Pinc. Let's have a good Ayre, but drinke first.
Town. Drinke about Gallants, what the Musick duls you.
Hast e're a new song fellow?
Fid. Yes, of the Scots comming into *England*.

Tra.

Tra. That, that by all meanes.

Fid. Please you to heare me — 'tis but a Ballad put to One of their own tunes.

Pinc. The better, the better, let's heat't.

Song.

CAm land, land y'ar lugs loes, an Ise speeke a song,
Sing heom agen Iocky, sing heom agen Iocky.
O hes bonny deeds, an hes prowes emong;
Sing heom agen, heom agen, O valent Iocky.

Sirs, Iocky's a mon held o mickle Note,
Sing heom agen, &c.
Tha breech o tha Cov'nant stuck in hes throte;
Sing heom agen, &c.

For Iocky wes riteous, whilke ye wad admire;
Sing heom agen, &c.
He fought for tha Kirk, bet a plunderd tha Quire;
Sing heom agen, &c.

An Iocky waxt roth, an toll Anglond a cam,
Sing heom agen, &c.
Fro whence he'd returne, bet a lack a is Lam.
Sing heom agen, &c.

An Iocky wes armed from top toll toe,
Sing heom agen, &c.
Wi a poowre o Men, an thair good Deuke I tro;
Sing heom agen, &c.

Sa valent I wis thay wer, an sa prat,
Sing heom agen, &c.
Ne cock nor hen durst stond in thair gat;
Sing heom agen, &c.

In every streete thay ded sa flutter,
Sing heom agen, &c.
Na Child dorst shaw hes bred an butter;
Sing heom agen, &c.

Noow whan oour ferces thay heard on o're nights,
Sing heom agen, &c.
Next morne thay harneſt themſels for a fight;
Sing heom agen, &c.

Thare Deuke was tha men that wad be ſen ſtout,
Sing heom agen, &c.
He feect us a while, ſtret twurn'd Arſs aboot;
Sing heom agen, &c.
Oour men that ater thes valent Scot went,
Sing heom agen, &c.
Had ner fond him oout bet by a ſtrong ſent,
Sing heom agen, heom agen, o valent Jocky.

Tra. Ha, ha, ha! it's good enough for the ſubject, [*Enter Drawer.*
Pinc. Drinke about, drink about; More wine Boy;
Here *Witwud* to thee.
Town. Let's diſcharge the Muſick.
Wit. With all my heart.
Town. There ye Raſcals.
Fid. Thanke you Gentlemen. *Exeunt Fidlers.*
Drawſ. Trapheire to thee.
Tra. Let it come, a Pint and thou darſt.
Pinc. Art mad? *Trapheire* is drunke enough, hee'l be
Not company for a Dog immediately.
Tra. To your Mightineſs ſir.
Pinc. I ſhall pledge your Highneſs ſir— to you ſir.
Wit. Excuſe me pray ſir, I am almoſt ſpent.
Pinc. Not pledge me?
Tra. No, he ſhall not pledge you ſir;
What then? he is my friend.
Pinc. But why ſhould he
Be more excus'd than ours? will you drinke for him?
Tra. Not, neither ſir.
Pinc. Then he ſhall pledge me ſir.
Tra. He ſhall not ſir.

Town.

Town. Nay *Trapheire*, what doſt meane? [*Pinc. throws the*

Tra. Hang him turd— Are you good at that ſir? [*Pot at him.*

I ſhall returne you Anſwer by this Meſſenger, [*Draws.*

Wit. Good Coz no fighting; I will drinke a Gallon

Rather than loſe one drop of bloud——— It is

Too pretious for the floore to drinke. [*Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Gentlemen your noiſe has drawn Souldiers into the houſe, th'are comming up; as many as can, get into that little Cloſet.

Pinc. I would not be in cuſtodie for a Million;

The Rode, the Rode—— [*Tra. Pinc. Town. and*

Drawſ. That's all our faults, in, in. [*Drawſ. get in.*

Wit. Where ſhall we be? *Enter Souldiers,*

Soul. Where's all theſe Huffs——what, you two make this noiſe? hurle Pots, breake Glaſſes, you are youths indeed; Is this a time of night for you to rant in? Come you muſt with us. *Exeunt.*

Want. Nay good Gentlemen.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen you may come forth, the coaſt is cleare.

Tra. Where's the two Gentlemen?

Draw. They have ta'ne 'em with 'em.

Pinc. Did they pay the Reckoning.

Draw. No ſir.

Tra. A pox upon you, why did you not aske 'em for't?

Draw. I durſt not ſir, for feare they ſhould ſay, the reſt of their Company was above.

Pinc. 'Tis right, the Devil's on't, this was your doing *Trapheire*, Will you pay the Reckoning now?

Tra. Not a penny, Ile keepe unto my Oath, throw who ſhall dip, or pay if you will. [*Townſhift throws.*

Pinc. Here's Dice, throw — twelve, hang ye Raſcal [*Pinc. throws*

Now My Chance——'tis paſſable——throw. [*Drawſ. throws.*

Drawſ. Mine is the worſt.

Tra. But mine's the worſt of all—— Sirrah Boy will you take this Cloake for your Reckoning?

Draw. I know not ſir whether I ſhall or not.

Tra. You ſhall not ſir, now, you know, as long as ſuch Spankers laſt; what's to pay? [*ſhews his money.*

Draw. But thirty ſhillings ſir.

Tra.

Tra. Death! but thirty salest thou? well, there 'tis;
I shall be even with some body.

Town. Why, this was handsome *Trapheire.* *Exeunt.*

Enter two or three Servitors.

Ser. Make roome for the Magistrates;
The Prisoners [*Enter Do-much, Surehold, Resolution, Scare-*
There —— [*foole, Jocky, Billy, Smallfaith, and his Wife,*
Do. Which are [*Soonegul'd and his Wife, Anything,*
The Prisoners? [*Downfall, Worne-out, Seminary, Pub-*
Resol. These sir. [*lique Notary.*
Joc. Bil. Mercy, mercy, Master Judge.
Sure. What are those?
Resol. The subjects on the which these Villaines practis'd their subtilties and deceits; first, I shall tender my Charge against 'em, then produce my evidence.
Do. Very well, very well, proceed.
Resol. In briefe (Sir) then, they have infected most
Part of this Nation; here's a thing,
A man of Reputation once, and bore [*Pointing to Smal-*
A place amongst you.
Sure. I do pitty him.
Resol. And now is fit for no place except Bedlam:
Here is another, a man you would think [*To Anything.*
The Devill could not work upon, and yet
These Scotch ones have. The Lawyer, father of
Contrivances, is Noos'd in one himselfe;
He cannot stand without his Crutches, and
His head's so light his nose is every minute
Ready to touch the ground.
Sure. What is that Gentleman? [*To Worne-out.*
Resol. Do you conceive him one? have they left ought
Upon him like a Creature? may we Iweare
He is a perfect man, no Ghost? 'tis hard.
The hurryings he has had with sleepless eies,
Continuall Purgations, Bleedings, what not,
That they could but invent to bring him low,